1486. df. 34

THE Knight and the Prelate;

A NEW

BALLAD.

To the TUNE of

King *John* and the Abbot of *Canterbury*.

——— *Pulchra Laverna*
Da mihi fallere; *da juſtam ſanctumque* videri,
Noctem peccatis, & fraudibus *objice* nubem.

Hor.

—— Little *Villains muſt ſubmit to Fate,*
But Great *Ones may enjoy the World in State.*

Garth's *Diſp.*

To which is added,

An EPISTLE from a Gentleman at *Twickenham*, to a Nobleman at St. *James*'s.

LONDON:

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXXXIV.

THE

Knight and the Prelate;

A NEW

BALLAD.

30 60 APR

To the Air of

King John and the Abbot of Canterbury.

To which is added,

An EPISTLE from a Gentleman at Twickenham, to a Nobleman at St. James's.

LONDON:

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXXXIX.

THE Knight and the Prelate:

A NEW BALLAD.

I. IN the Iſland of *Britain* I ſing of a K--t,
Much fam'd for diſpenſing his Favours *aright*,
No Merit could he but what's *palpable* ſee,
And he judg'd of Men's Worth by the Weight of their Fee.

Derry down, &c.

II. Of a P---e I ſing too, who liv'd in great Hope,
(Tho' he rail'd at the Name) to be great as a Pope;

All from him who to differ ſhould prove ſo uncivil,
Out of Zeal for their Souls, he conſign'd to the Devil.

Derry down, &c.

III.

To his Pride many truckled, yet others rebell'd,
And would know by what Title his Power he held.
Cries the P---e alarm'd, 'This our utmoſt demands,
'Now the Ch--ch is at Stake, or, what's worſe,
our Ch---ch Lands.

Derry down, &c.

IV.

To the K---t then he ran, and cry'd, 'Save us from
Ruin,
'And mark what the Laymen againſt us are brewing;
'They ſay they can without Ch--ch Spectacles ſee,
'And can ſpy full as far in a Mill-ſtone as we.

Derry down, &c.

BRITISH MUSEUM 30 60 APR

Thus

V.

'That our Right to Dominion nor my Brethren not
I know:
'That our Coaches and Six are not *Jure divino*:
'If Errors so impious are suffer'd to root,
'As in primitive Times, we must tramp it on foot.
Derry down, &c.

VI.

My very good Friend, says the K--t, 'calm your
Passion,
'I smoke what you drive at, but no C-nv-c-t-n;
'Should your Ch--ch Bellows blow up the Zeal of
the Rable,
'You'd breed more Confusion than e'er was at *Babel*,
Derry down, &c.

VII.

Cries the B---p enrag'd, 'Is that your Pretence?
'Consider, the Ch----ch is your *Rock of Defence*:
'Your

'Your S---Sea Eſcape in your Memory cheriſh,
'When ſinking you cry'd, help L---ds, or I periſh.
Derry down, &c.

VIII.

Heyday! quoth the K---t, 'Why you're grown very bold;
'You forget ſure his G--ce of *L-m-b--th* is old;
'Tho' the Job might ſeem dirty, the Br-be you thought good,
'And are deep in the Mire, as I in the Mud.
Derry down, &c.

IX.

Quoth the B--p, 'The Truth of this Proverb I note,
'*Save a Thief from the Gallows, and he'll cut your Throat.*
'If to free you when faſt, we wade thro' the Mire,
'You muſt own that the *Labourer's worthy his Hire.*
Derry down, &c.

X.

A Th—f cries the K——t, Shake Hands then, dear Brother,
Since Receiver and Thief tally pat to each other;
When to pry into Frauds you thought was not right,
The World says you fear'd lest your own should see Light.

Derry down, &c.

XI.

That your Sp——t——l C——rts, all loudly complain,
Instead of Reforming, mind nought but their Gain;
That it is not the *Sin*, but the *Purse* that they war on,
And thrive on Men's Vices, like Maggots on Carrion.

Derry down, &c.

XII.

That was *Judas* alive he might lay by all Fears,
And demand to be try'd by his Sp——t——l P——rs;

Tha

For his Purſe (could he but the Expedient hit on)
' Would abſolve him at *Rome*, and ſcreen him in
Br--t--n.

Derry down, &c.

XIII.

Quoth the B—p, ' Alas, how unjuſt is their Bawling!
' Why Sinners to *ſave* is the *End* of our Calling;
' With *Charity* always our Order begins,
' And Charity *covers* a *Number* of Sins.

Derry down, &c.

XIV.

' None but Infidels ſurely can make ſuch a Buſtle,
' Since 'tis plain we've out-done each Saint and Apoſtle;
' For they to procure ſuch Offenders Salvation,
' Did but hazard their Lives, while we venture
D--mn--t--n.

Derry down, &c.

In

XV.

'In our Courts on this *Maxim* Delinquents we fleece;
'*Take away but the Cauſe, the Effect ſoon muſt ceaſe!*
'Then ſince *Money*, all grant, ſends the moſt to the Devil,
'We devoutly take from them *that Root* of all Evil.
Derry down, &c.

XVI.

If your Doctrine be true, the K---t ſtrait replies,
'I'll warrant 'em Heav'n, if they'll paſs my Exc--ſe
'But the Nation my Schemes with their Murmurs controuls,
'Or their Purſes I'd ſqueeze for the Good of their Souls,
Derry down, &c.

XVII.

Quoth the B--p, 'Their Murmurs to ſtill, preach up Patience:
'Deſcribe holy *Job* amidſt his Vexations;

'Bid 'em imitate him; but remember, be ſure,
'To be patient as Job, *they muſt firſt be as poor.*
Derry down, &c.

XVIII.

'If Pelf, ſays the K--t, ſends ſo many to Hell,
'I wonder your L--d--p ſhould love it ſo well;
'Tho' it is not yourſelf alone I need ſpeak on;
'For moſt of you doat on't, from B---p to D--c--n.
Derry down, &c.

XIX.

Cries the B---p, 'From Scripture I ſpeak for myſelf,
'Which bids us make Friends of unrighteous Pelf;
'When here for you on *Duty*, that for us can preach,
'And from Town to a Cure *in Commendum* can reach.
Derry down, &c.

XX.

'I ſubmit, ſays the K--t, for I know't to be true,
'That, however you ſerve Heav'n, you give Mammon his Due;

But

But can you at once two Masters obey,
' Who require to be serv'd a quite contrary Way?
Derry down, &c.

XXI.

' Quoth the P--e, this Stuff to us B--ps is Nonsense;
' Sure you think like Dissenters, we're troubled with Conscience;
' At St. P--l's 'tis our *outward* Man bows to the Heavens,
' 'Tis our *inward* that Mammon adores at * St. *Stephens*.
Derry down, &c.

XXII.

' Courage then, cries the K--t, I may yet be forgiven,
' Or at worst, buy the B---p's Reversions in Heaven,
' My frequent Escapes in this World shew how true 'tis
' That Gold is the only *Elixir salutis*.
Derry down, &c.

* The Parliament House.

XXIII.

XXIII.

All you then who into the Finnances creep,
Ne'er piddle, but by Thousands the Tr-s-ry sweep,
Your Safety depends on the *Weight* of the *Sum*,
For no Rope yet was made that could tie up a
* *Plum*.

---

* A Man worth 100,000*l*.

AN

EPISTLE

FROM A

Gentleman at *Twickenham*,

TO A

Nobleman at St. *James's*.

Occasion'd by an

EPISTLE

FROM A

NOBLEMAN

TO A

Doctor of Divinity,

Little, pretty Jack-a-dandy,
Stole a Piece of Sugar-Candy,
From a Grocer's Shoppy Shop,
And away did hoppy hop. H. Carey.

LONDON:
Printed in the YEAR MDCCXXXIV.

AN

EPISTLE

TO A

Gentleman at Trinity Coll.

Cambridge

FROM

A NOBLEMAN

AT

ST. JAMES'S.

By the Author of Divinity.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year MDCCXXXIV.

AN EPISTLE FROM A Gentleman at *Twickenham*, TO A Nobleman at St. *James's*

KINDLY accept what kindly I indite,
What my Soul dictates, and my Pen does write.
To you, dear Youth, these Lines I do address,
For Kindnesses receiv'd, I can't do less:
Frankly I own my Faults, and am to blame,
Have you Sincerity? You'll do the same.

But

But who will think that you can be ſincere,
Who every Day imbibe infectious Air?
A C---t for *Widgeon* is a deadly Snare.
A *Woodcock* he muſt be, who ſees the [illegible]
And yet ſo ſtupid proves, to venture in.

As for my Part, I chuſe to live remote,
Nor will I be induc'd to turn my Coat;
I hear, but yield not to the *Syren*'s Note.
Let others in Brocaded Silks and Sattins
Appear abroad, while I attend my *Mattins*.
My Home-ſpun Lindſey-Wolſey pleaſes me,
Nature's Intent it anſwers, and I ſee
With Unconcern, each dapper, ſpruce *Toupée*
Your pretty Face and Shape I envy not,
But reſt content with what has been my Lot.
My rural Manſion is to me a Court,
Tired with the Town I thither do reſort,

Divide

Divide my Hours between my Friends and Study,
And ſometimes ſit and chat with honeſt * *Cuddy*.

Miſtake me not, nor think for you I plan
A Way, when you ſhall ripen into MAN;
Nor yet this Inf'rence draw, that I adviſe
What may be prejudicial to your Eyes.
For o'er the Hemiſphere, with ſable Wings;
When Night poſts on, and ſullen Darkneſs brings,
To pore on Books, by a dim Taper's Light,
Offenſive proves, and will deſtroy the Sight;
A ſtudious, ſedentary Life alone,
(Excluſive of Debauch'ry) breeds the *Stone*,
Pain inexpreſſible muſt then take Place,
And Pain diſtorts the Muſcles of the Face;
This, if you ſtudious are, will be your Caſe.
To read, and to digeſt what you have read,
Requires ſome Thought, and a retentive Head;

* A Word uſed by Authors, particularly the late Mr. *Gay*, to denote a Swain.

Tho' theſe you want, yet ſtill you may indite,
Such wretched Stuff, as I, or C---r write,
With great Facility obtain the *Bays*,
Pen down a Birth-Day Ode, form Farces, Plays,
And yet not gain one ſingle Grain of Praiſe.

But if the World, in *Envy*'s Garment clad,
Affirm that too much Learning makes you mad,
Their Error to refute, no more you need
Than your *Epiſtle* ſhew, and bid 'em read:
Tell 'em 'tis All your *John-Trot* Head affords;
By pleading thus the Privilege of L--ds,
They ſoon will be compell'd to eat their Words.

By painful Study, and laborious Thought,
What Miſchiefs on the Body have been brought!
Out of your Head ſuch baneful Things eraſe,
Sworn Enemies to every pretty Face:

They by their Nature hurry on Decay,
Beauty, like Flow'rs, will quickly fade away;
The Growth of Months, yet ſcarce ſurvive one Day.
Nor is this all: Experience makes it true,
E're Age comes on, the Work of Age they do:
Time they anticipate, out-ſtrip the Wind,
Diſtract the Soul, and prey upon the Mind;
That heavenly Particle, when ill at Eaſe,
All the whole Frame of Nature does diſpleaſe;
The human Form, like *Envy* we behold,
All pale and meagre, wither'd, lame, and old.

Courts are (you ſay) but larger Families,
The Growth of each, few Truths, and many Lies;
In theſe two Lines there may be Truth, I own,
But as for Rhyme, I do aver there's none;
This is to me ſufficient Proof that you,
By Night or Day no Study do purſue,
Quicquid in buccam venere you ſpue.

An Indication that you never think,
And to *no Purpoſe* uſe your Pen and Ink.

Sure Nature ſlept, or elſe had tippling been,
And ſo miſtook the Mould She caſt you in;
Your Shape, your Countenance, your Hands, your Mind,
Shew for the Toilet you had been deſign'd:
This from your Female Geſtures does appear;
You'll anſwer, that your Heart is void of Fear,
From thence conclude that I am in the Wrong,
For Cowardice to Women does belong.
That's a Moot Point, for * *Sappho* can indite,
And on Occaſion *Sappho* too can fight;
You fought a Duel, but you cannot write.
Thus without Sophiſtry, of all its Force
Your Argument is ſtript, and drops of Courſe.

Yet ſtill you fancy you abound with Wit,
And on the Top of lofty *Pindus* ſit;

* Lady *Mary W*——.

Devoid

Devoid of Prudence, and too vain of Parts,
How oft *Green-heads* have plainer ſhewn bad Hearts.
With Pleaſure I confeſs, I did, my Friend,
To draw your Picture from the Life intend:
But what for others you have kindly done,
Change but few Words, you'll find it is your own.
Your Wit is nought but glitt'ring Ignorance,
What *Monkeys* are to Men, *you* are to Senſe:
An aukward Mimick, ludicrous and mean,
Who often bite the Friend you entertain:
Your Tricks may pleaſe, *your* Quickneſs may ſurpriſe,
At firſt we wonder, but at laſt deſpiſe.
We marvel not that Ignorance you rehearſe,
That ſtill you know enough to do't in Verſe:
Guiltleſs of Thought each Blockhead may compoſe
This nothing-meaning Verſe as faſt as Proſe;
And *P--pe* with Juſtice, of ſuch Lines may ſay,
His Lordſhip ſpins a thouſand in a Day.

An Indication that you never think,
And to *no Purpoſe* uſe your Pen and Ink.

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What *Monkeys* are to Men, *you* are to Sense:
An aukward Mimick, ludicrous and mean,
Who often bite the Friend you entertain:
Your Tricks may please, *your* Quickness may surprise,
At first we wonder, but at last despise.
We marvel not that Ignorance you rehearse,
That still you know enough to do't in Verse:
Guiltless of Thought each Blockhead may compose,
This nothing-meaning Verse as fast as Prose;
And *P--pe* with Justice, of such Lines may say,
His Lordship spins a thousand in a Day.

In *Bell-Man*'s dogrel Verſe ſo bright you ſhine,
Quære, if you made his, or he made thine:
Could King *Iambus* gain a ſecond Birth.
And re-aſſume Dominion here on Earth,
Thy Lines he wou'd contemn, and bid you uſe,
As he had done before, the fatal Nooſe.
And yet you boaſt that you with Eaſe can climb
Parnaſſus-Hill, and reach the great Sublime,
That you of all *Apollo*'s Son's are *Prime*.
Apollo's Sons your Kindred do diſown,
Pity your Folly, and your Pride bemoan,
If Wit you have, that Wit was never ſhewn.

Firſt-born of *Dullneſs* they acknowledge you,
That there hereditary Right's your Due;
An indigeſted Chaos is your Head,
Where crawling Inſects, Maggots call'd, are bred.
The Maidens Six, declare you are a F---l
A blunt good-natur'd, inoffenſive Tool;
By Turns you *pleaſe* 'em All, and by one Rule.

Say,

Say, why was I, who never did offend,
But always took you for my real Friend,
Say, why was I the Butt of all your Spleen,
Your pointleſs Satire, which you deem ſo keen?

Am I the only Perſon that is fit,
To ſhew your want of Senſe, and want of Wit?
My pretty *Apple-Face*, had you been ſtript,
And for your *Fibs*, like other School-Boys whipt,
Your *Defamation* I might then have 'ſcap'd,
Nor had my Character by you been rap'd.
In *nameleſs* Verſe Untruths you have array'd,
And thoſe Untruths to all the World convey'd:
Yet ſtill this Comfort you have left behind,
Which ſtamps a deep Impreſſion on my Mind;
With a *Scribendi Cacoethes* preſs'd,
You make yourſelf, not me, a ſtanding Jeſt.

F I N I S.

Say, why was I, who never did offend,
But always took you for my real friend,
Say, why was I the Butt of all your Spleen,
Your pointless Satire, which you deem'd keen?
Am I the only Fool that e'er
To know your want of Sense, and want of Wit?
My pretty Apple-Face, lay on keen strips,
And for your Pity like other School Boys whips,
Your Dyet-Bill I might then have lessen'd,
Nor had my Chaps been rap'd,
In vain my Verse you have array'd,
And the Dunciad World convey'd,
Yet still this Couplet you have left behind,
Which stamps a deep Impression on my Mind;
With a Sp[illegible] Carriage prest,
You make your Bow, not like a Reading Jest.

FINIS.